

She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be asham'd.

*Enter Duke, Pronost, Isabella.*

*Esc.* I will goe darkely to worke with her.

*Luc.* That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

*Esc.* Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you haue said.

*Luc.* My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of, Here, with the *Pronost*.

*Esc.* In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

*Luc.* Mum.

*Esc.* Come Sir, did you see these women on to slander Lord *Angelo*? they haue confel'd you did.

*Duk.* 'Tis false.

*Esc.* How? Know you where you are?

*Duk.* Respect to your great place; and let the diuell Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.

*Esc.* The *Duke*'s in vs: and we will heare you speake, Look you speake iustly.

*Duk.* Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules, Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox; Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone? Then is your cause gone too: The *Duke*'s vniust, Thus to retort your manifest Appeale, And put your triall in the villaines mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

*Luc.* This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.

*Esc.* Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhalloved Fryer: Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth, And in the witness of his proper eare, To call him villaine; and then to glance from him, To th' *Duke* himselfe, to taxe him with Iniustice? Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you Ioynt by Ioynt, but we will know his purpose: What? vnjust?

*Duk.* Be not so hot: the *Duke* dare No more stretch this finger of mine, then he Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not. Nor here Prouinciall: My businesse in this State Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*, Where I haue seene corruption boyle and bubble, Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop, As much in mocke, as marke.

*Esc.* Slander to th' State:

Away with him to prison.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio*? Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

*Luc.* 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman bald-pate, doe you know me?

*Duk.* I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice, I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the *Duke*.

*Luc.* Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the *Duke*?

*Duk.* Most notably Sir.

*Luc.* Do you so Sir: And was the *Duke* a flesh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duk.* You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and

much more, much worse.

*Luc.* Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

*Duk.* I protest, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my selfe.

*Ang.* Harke how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

*Esc.* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the *Pronost*? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speake no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

*Duk.* Stay Sir, stay a while.

*Ang.* What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

*Luc.* Come sir, come sir, come sir: for sir, why you bald-pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you? show your knaues visage with a poxe to you: show your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

*Duk.* Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a *Duke*. First *Pronost*, let me bayle these gentle three: Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

*Luc.* This may proue worse then hanging.

*Duk.* What you haue spoke, I pardon: sit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue: Ha't thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha't Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* Oh, my dread Lord, I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse, To thinke I can be vndiscernable, When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine, Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince, No longer Session hold vpon my shame, But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession: Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

*Duk.* Come hither *Mariana*,

Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was my Lord.

*Duk.* Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly. Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which consummate, Returne him here againe: goe with him *Pronost*. *Exit.*

*Esc.* My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor, Then at the strangenesse of it.

*Duk.* Come hither *Isabell*,

Your Frier is now your Prince: As I was then Aduertysing, and holy to your businesse, (Not changing heart with habit) I am still, Attuined at your seruice.

*Isab.* Oh giue me pardon

That I, your vassalle, haue imploid, and pain'd Your vnkowne Soueraigntie.

*Duk.* You are pardon'd *Isabell*:

And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs. Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart: And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe, Labouring to saue his life: and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre, Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid, It was the swift celestie of his death,

Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him, That life is better life past fearing death,

Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,

So happy is your Brother.

*Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Pronost.*

*Isab.* I doe my Lord.

*Duk.* For this new-maried man, approaching here, Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well defended honor: you must pardon For *Mariana*'s sake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother, Being criminall, in double violation Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach, Thereon dependant for your Brothers life, The very mercy of the Law cries out Most audible, euen from his proper tongue. An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death: Hasten still paces haste, and leasure, answers leasure; Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*: Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested; Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage. We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste. Away with him.

*Mar.* Oh my most gracious Lord, I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

*Duk.* It is your husband mock't you with a husband, Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor, I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choake your good to come: For his Possessions, Although by confutation they are ours; We doe en-state, and widow you with all, To buy you a better husband.

*Mar.* Oh my deere Lord,

I craue no other, nor no better man.

*Duk.* Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

*Mar.* Gentle my Liege.

*Duk.* You doe but loose your labour.

Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

*Mar.* Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabell*, take my part, Lend me your knees, and all my life to come, I'll lend you all my life to doe you seruice.

*Duk.* Against all sence you doe importune her, Should shee kneele downe, in mercie of this fact, Her Brothers ghost, his pained bed would breake, And take her hence in horror.

*Mar.* *Isabell*:

Sweet *Isabell*, doe yet but kneele by me, Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all. They say best men are moulded out of faults, And for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: So may my husband. Oh *Isabell*: will you not lend a knee?

*Duk.* He dies for *Claudio*'s death.

*Isab.* Most bounteous Sir.

Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke, A due sinceritie governed his deedes, Till he did looke on me: Since it is so, Let him not die: my Brother had but Iustice, In that he did the thing for which he died. For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent, And must be buried but as an intent That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects Intents, but meere thoughts.

*Mar.* Meere thoughts my Lord.

*Duk.* Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say: I haue bethought me of another fault.

*Pronost*, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded

At an vnusall howe

*Pro.* It was comm

*Duk.* Had you a

*Pro.* No my good

*Duk.* For which I

Giue vp your keyes.

*Pro.* Pardon me,

I thought it was a fault

Yet did repent me after

For testimony whereof

That should by priuie

I haue refer'd aliue.

*Duk.* What's he?

*Pro.* His name is *Isabell*

*Duk.* I would the

Goe fetch him hither.

*Esc.* I am sorry, on

As you, Lord *Angelo*,

Should slip so grossely

And lacke of temper

*Ang.* I am forrie, t

And so deepe ticks it

That I craue death mo

'Tis my deferring, an

*Enter Barnardine*

*Duk.* Which is th

*Pro.* This my Lord

*Duk.* There was a

Sirha, thou art said to

That apprehends no f

And squar'th thy life a

But for those earthly

And pray thee take th

For better times to co

I leaue him to your ha

*Pro.* This is anothe

Who should haue di

As like almost to *Claudio*

*Duk.* If he be like

Is he pardon'd, and fo

Giue me your hand, a

He is my brother too

By this Lord *Angelo* p

Methinks I see a quic

Well *Angelo*, your eu

Looke that you loue y

I finde an apt emissio

And yet heere's one in

You sirha, that knew

One all of Luxurie, an

Wherein haue I so del

That you extoll me th

*Luc.* Faith my Lor

trick: if you will hang

ther it would please y

*Duk.* Whipt first,

Proclaime it *Pronost*

If any woman wrong

(As I haue heard him

whom he begot with

And he shall marry he

Let him be whipt and

*Luc.* I beseech yo

a Whore: your High

*Duk.* good my Lord

me a Cuckold.